A Child Haunting in North Highlands

By Paul Dale Roberts, Halo Paranormal Investigations

As I left my home that evening, I couldn't resist queuing up the *X-Files* theme. It felt appropriate. I was heading into another paranormal investigation, this time alongside the Sacramento Paranormal Society (SPS). The date was February 24, 2007. The time: 1700 hours. My destination was the home of Donovan Turner, founder and lead investigator of SPS, where we would conduct our pre-investigation briefing.

Donovan, joined by his wife Melissa, the team's case manager, outlined the night's objectives. Our team consisted of Donovan, Jason Kowing (equipment handler and intuitive), Deona "DJ" Vastine-Sharp, Janet Michalk (intuitive), and myself, serving as investigator and writer. The location waas a private residence in North Highlands in Sacramento County. The family requested anonymity, which we fully respected.

A routine paranormal investigation revealed three distinct presences bound to a family's home.

The Family's Disturbing Experiences

The occupants had lived in the home for just over a year, and strange activity had been escalating. Cigarette smoke lingered in the house despite a strict no-smoking rule. Ashes had even been discovered near the toilet. Pots banged loudly in the kitchen without explanation. Their young son had blankets pulled from his bed. Fear had grown so intense that the entire family slept together in the living room.

We arrived at the house at 7:30 PM. Storm clouds had rolled in, bringing rain and gusting winds. It felt like a classic setup for a night of investigation. Equipment was staged in the garage, including infrared cameras, EMF meters, temperature gauges, VHS and digital recorders, and sealed audio tapes monitored under witness protocol.

The mother and daughter walked us through the home, describing shadow figures crossing walls, objects moving in the master bedroom, and electronic disturbances. The television shut off and changed channels on its own. In the kitchen, the freezer door opened without warning, ice cubes rattled, and a framed picture repeatedly fell from the stove — once while they watched it happen.

The Investigation Begins

Donovan and Jason were the first to enter the son's bedroom. The room fluctuated between warm air and sudden cold spots lasting several seconds. Jason reported that his digital recorder, fitted with a fresh battery, drained instantly. While not conclusive, it raised questions.

Janet and DJ conducted a separate walkthrough. Janet immediately sensed a presence near the kitchen sink and felt compelled to look into the backyard. In the hallway, she was drawn into the master bedroom, where the atmosphere grew heavy. She described pressure changes, difficulty breathing, and physical discomfort centered around her solar plexus and abdomen.

In the master bedroom, Janet sensed something old. She was drawn to a hairbrush and handheld mirror and detected what she referred to as an "add-on" energy — a newer section of the room that felt lighter compared to the older, heavier portion. She believed there were three entities present, though only two made themselves known.

The bathroom produced a very different impression. Janet sensed giggling and youthful energy, leading her to believe one spirit was a child. In the boy's bedroom, the energy felt active and curious. Later, while speaking with me in the garage, Janet experienced tingling sensations in her shoulders, explaining that sensitive individuals often act as beacons for spiritual attention.

As Paul and Jason entered the house with recording equipment, the video camera shut down twice without explanation. DJ, stepping outside for a break, felt a warm presence brush along her back, as if someone stood beside her. Janet later pinpointed the exact location where DJ experienced this sensation.

At 8:45 PM, Donovan witnessed the door between the garage and house open and close on its own. I checked for drafts, but the door was heavy and latched securely. Wind could not account for the movement.

Donovan and I then entered the home together. Activity remained quiet until we reached the boy's bedroom. Using the temperature gauge, I watched readings drop from 91 degrees to 65 in seconds. One cold spot remained stable. As I placed my hand into the chilled air, I saw a tiny orb — no larger than a pinhead — rise about a foot before vanishing. It was my first visual anomaly of the night.

Later impressions from Jason and Janet aligned. Both sensed the presence of a playful young boy, approximately seven years old, with darker skin. Jason also detected a frustrated adult male spirit. Janet felt a deep sadness and confirmed, with the family's verification, that a relative had died violently in the home's history. A third entity remained unidentified.

The investigation concluded near midnight. As I drove home through the storm, I reflected on the family's relief. They had felt safer with us there, even hoping we would stay through the night. Unlike darker cases I'd encountered, this home didn't feel malicious. The activity felt unsettled but not threatening.

After Donovan explained our findings and assured the family of follow-up analysis, the mother smiled — visibly calmer. Janet's reassurance also clearly brought comfort. There was no sense of triumph or closure, only a quiet understanding that the activity had been acknowledged rather than challenged. For the family, that recognition alone seemed to ease whatever had been weighing on the house.

As I pulled into my driveway, the radio crackled to life with Warren Zevon's "Werewolves of London." I had to laugh. Some nights, the paranormal just enjoys the final word. ◆